

Poem To A Word Unspoken

You pull me toward you  
You fill me My body reaching  
towards yours  
So full of you

I cannot breathe

It is the best part of us that loves Yet we love with  
our whole selves The night filled with sleep

Only once I touched my fear Named it To this I dedicate  
my poem To this And to you Remarkable to me as my own  
hands As I touch them Recognize them as mine

Would I destroy my tongue Pull the lips from my mouth  
This presence once existing ordering the rest  
my world

The answer is here It comes  
silently Like a word never  
spoken  
Hanging suspended

A small green thing

-- Susan Sherman

there  
was  
no  
need  
of  
dialogue  
(i sd.  
he said  
you sd. she should have  
(sd. there was no need  
) imagine that  
& ) no time

-- John Harriman